

praising
adger and
perfectly as
the one told
ever see "Singing
if the man who
y after the time of
Port, and who died
have been the solution
es. It might be included
at the story took place in
and I am writing about Utah,
Nevada was Utah in those

Dugway the road winds up a
rough, rocky road to the summit
where Fish Springs valley is situated to
the west. Turn south, then west, and
travel about ten miles and come to what
was called either Rock House or Black
Rock Station which was a dry station

half mile we would have to get out and
break the mud away between the wagon
box and the wheels so they could turn.

We turned north about one mile and
came to Fish Springs, so-called for the
number of minnows in the blue spring
water. Here was one, for there were thou-
sands of ducks and geese waiting for
someone to kill them. And number-
less muskrats were in the rushes below
the station, which was not much of a
place when we went there, and only
a part of some of the old buildings were
in evidence to show where the station
had been. This was a home station, the
second from Salt Lake City.

SOME of my earliest recollections are
of the days I would sit for hours
at a time, with my mouth open, listening
to those old timers tell stories of the
Pony Express and kindred subjects, and

rider to return. An old man was there.
Someone said he had had experiences
with Pony Express riders so he was
asked when he thought the man would
return. His estimate was over one hour
less than any of the others. Some scoffed
at his estimate, but thirty minutes be-
fore the time set by him for the rider's
return he walked away from the group
a few yards, placed his ear to the ground,
and listened. We watched and waited,
one, two, three minutes, and then:
"Just crossed the bridge at Faust
Creek." (Six miles away.)
We walked over to where he was.
Some of the men were smiling.
"Coming over that gravelly hill by
the old cemetery, and how he is riding,
Get down and listen. Plain as talking,
(Five miles distant.)
Some got down. So did I, but all I
heard was my heart pounding. We got
up, and one of the men offered to bet him

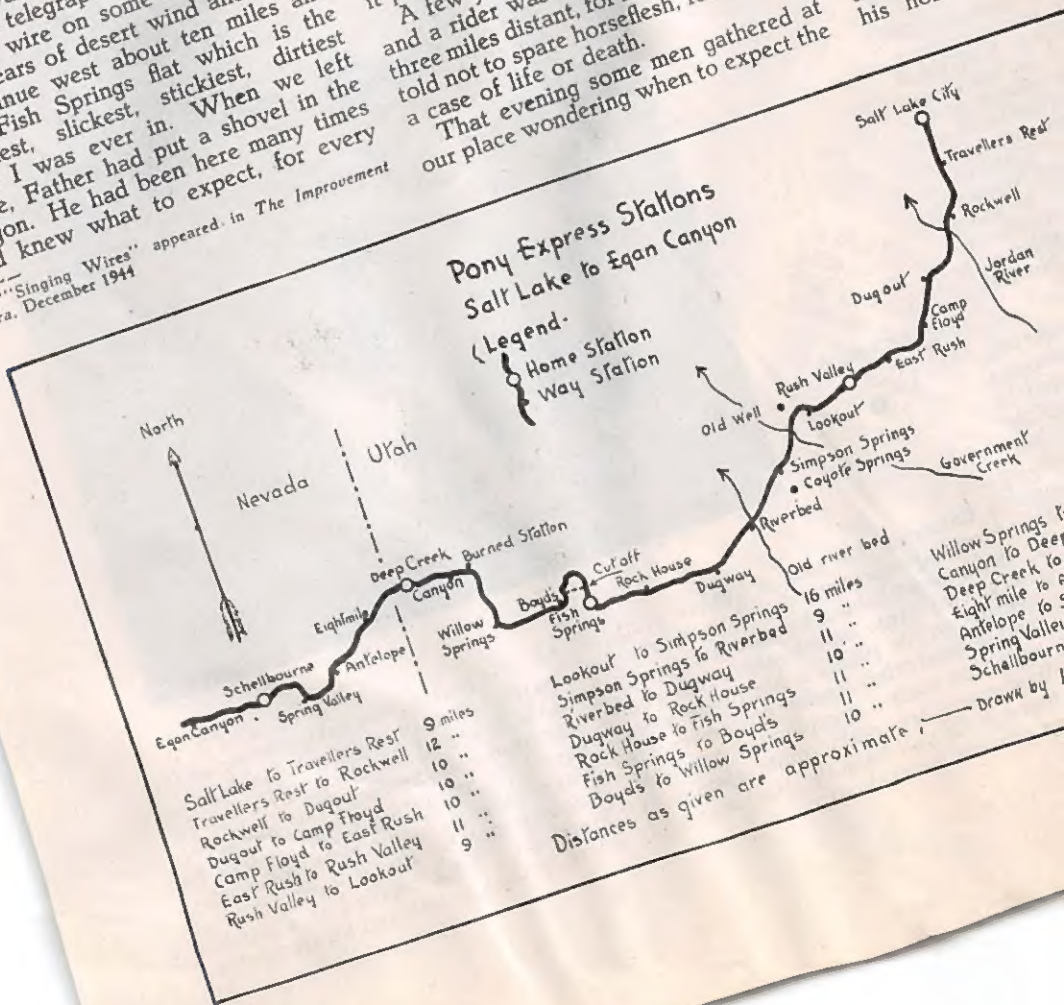
The PONY EXPRESS

out on a flat with many black rocks that
appear to be of volcanic origin. It was
snowing when we arrived and all I
could see was a few old tumbled down
walls. It was near here we did see some
of the old telegraph poles still standing
with the wire on some of them, after
thirty years of desert wind and storm.
Continue west about ten miles and
cross Fish Springs flat which is the
muddiest, slickest, stickiest, dirtiest
place I was ever in. When we left
home, Father had put a shovel in the
wagon. He had been here many times
and knew what to expect, for every

I would swallow them bait, hook, line,
sinker, and half of the pole. No one
questioned the truthfulness of them.
One man always told of the time he
kept a station out here somewhere and
by placing his ear to the ground could
hear the rider coming many miles away,
and tell just where he was by the differ-
ent sounds made by the running horse as
it passed over the different formations.
A few years later someone was sick,
and a rider was sent to Tooele, thirty-
three miles distant, for medicine and was
told not to spare horseflesh, for this was
a case of life or death.
That evening some men gathered at
our place wondering when to expect the

\$20.00 the rider would not be
within one hour. He took the
offer to bet \$50.00 more that
would be there within twenty
minutes. This bet was also taken.
I have often wondered
came to us within fifteen min-
utes. I could hear that horse com-
just took a gambler's char-
such things in those days.
Back at Simpson I sp
unteers being of som
Springs. It was this
going east, I believe it
came suspicious, and
at the place he expect
his horse to a de

"Singing Wires" appeared in The Improvement
Era, December 1944



THE PRESIDENT OF Rotary International

By HAROLD L. SNOW, M.

RICHARD H. WELLS, a member of the newly organized Eleventh Ward in Pocatello, Idaho, is the president of Rotary International for the current year—a position of honor and distinction that comes to few. Until a few months ago he was a counselor to the president of the Pocatello Stake and his present busy schedule as head of the largest association of business and professional men in the world, he still takes time out to speak at various Latter-day Saint services and to perform other duties in the Church. He is the grandson of our famous Utah pioneer, Daniel H. Wells, counselor to Brigham Young; and he is the son of Joseph S. Wells, who was general manager of the Utah Light and Power Company. Richard H. Wells was born in Salt Lake City shortly before the turn of the century. His mother was six years of age. He attended the Salt Lake City schools and went to business for him- self a few years ago and soon became the city's leading citizens. He is now president of the Rotary Club of Pocatello.

His concern for the welfare of others is sincere, yet never goes to seed in highfalutin' rhetoric or high-hat conceit. He loves to prick the bubble of pomposity—or illogic—with humor.

He is a bank vice president in Pocatello. He has also served on his selective service board since its organization, and is president of the Idaho Society for Crippled Children, as well as chairman of the war loan drive. He has been in demand as a speaker at many types of meetings. He is a deep thinker and an effective speaker. Among the talents of Richard H. Wells is that of successfully operating

Walter Cleare, one of business men, said of him:

I never saw a young man enter a community who made his influence felt so surely as Dick Wells. He came very early in his career that he came one of Pocatello's foremost citizens.

One of Pocatello's leading authorities is credited with saying of him:

Dick has a genius for solving the problems of a small business and putting profit into it.

In 1933 Richard H. Wells was elected president of the Pocatello Rotary Club.



In 1934 he was elected governor of the district. Four years later he was elected to the board of directors of Rotary International at the San Francisco meeting. It is interesting to know that he was nominated for president of Rotary International by the Rotary Club of Honolulu. "Dick" served on a mission there and has maintained his friendships

(Concluded on page 154)

THE IMPROVEMENT ERA

14 miles
12 "
8 "
17 "
13 "
12 "
11 "